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A B C of Prayer.

'LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY.'

If you turn to the eleventh chapter of Luke, first verse, you will read the request the disciples made of their Master, 'Lord, teach us to pray.'

This passage is quite generally misquoted, almost everybody giving it as 'teach us how to pray.'

Evidently the thought they held was, that if Jesus taught them at all it must surely be in the right way.

Somebody has said that 'answered prayers are the tokens with which Jesus illuminates the days, that we may know he remembers us.' We all know something of the blessedness of answered prayer, and we have felt that the thought God heard us and undertook our cause was really sweeter to us than the mere answer to the prayer.

As I sit here this summer morning my heart goes out to the praying women in their homes all over the land. Some of them in quiet farmhouses in the country, some in the city; some bending over sick beds, and many of them with other heavy burdens upon their hearts. O dear ones, I want the Holy Ghost to give me just the right thing to say to you, that the very words I write may be his, and not mine. I feel deeply my own ignorance, my weakness, and my unworthiness. But I rejoice that these things are true of me because my nothingness gives him the opportunity to be all. 'Not I, but Christ.'

I ask you to come apart with me and learn more of the blessing and the privilege of prayer. It is to-day the greatest desire of my heart to have the glorious 'ministry of prayer' given me. Do you not want it? Oh, to think of the sublimity, the honor, the unspeakable glory of having audience with the King of Kings, the Creator of the universe! We are too dull, too slow, too weighted down with earthliness to even dream of what this means. But let us 'stir ourselves up' to learn how to take hold of God and to present our petitions to him.

We need to know more of the power of united prayer. It is the lever that will move the world. Let us try its power the coming months. Try it for the conversion of our friends, for our own needs, for our community, and for the great cause of missions and the evangelization of the world.

I want to suggest to you the following thoughts: Go to women friends (you might take the 'Illustrated Christian World' and show them this letter) and ask them to form a little circle or band with you, that you may pray together. Meet once a week, say, and pray for mutual help. Have these prayer seasons, 'for prayer only,' and never for occasions for even the most harmless, friendly conversation. Remember you will be coming together to do business with the King, and you want nothing to distract your attention. If there are only two of you, remember the promise is to 'two or three met together in his name.' If there is a number who come together, it is well to have a leader to read a few verses from the Bible. This leader might be appointed for each meeting, or for a certain length of time, just as you choose. Let us always be careful to be very simple in our arrangements. The Holy Ghost only abides with simplicity. Write down your request before praying, and be very definite in your prayers. 'Pray to the point.' Do not weaken your forces by scattering petitions that do not hit anything hard. Ask for just what you want of God, in a simple, direct manner, reminding him of any promise concerning the object you pray about, that you find in his word.

When you do your assembling of yourselves together remember God's children are not all in your church. They are in the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian—any Church where Jesus Christ's name and saving power are honored.

I wish you would write me of cases of answered prayer that come under your observation, or send any thoughts on this line that may occur to you, that will help others. Any sister in Christ who is in trouble or difficulty and wants us to join in prayer for her, let her write to me. The Editor wishes this space in his paper to be a family circle where we can meet for petition and praise, for both of these constitute true prayer.

I remember a small band of women with whom I passed the afternoons of one week a summer or two ago. Circumstances could not have been much more unpromising than they were. It was intensely warm. The earth was parched with heat and choked with dust. There were only a few, a very few of us, and some of the number were not much in earnest. The town itself was dead to righteous thought. It was impossible to get the people interested. We held the meetings every day during that week. I was a stranger to these Christian women, but we all belonged to the family of Christ.

The names of the unconverted ones each woman present wanted prayers for were written down and handed to the one having full charge of the little meeting. After the reading of the word these names were read and prayer offered for one at a time, till the list was gone through. Afterward we joined in prayer that God would send conviction of sin to the town. I came away at the close of the week, but I have heard since then of the answers to our prayers, and a revival took place the following autumn and winter, and the town was shaken with conviction.

I only cite this instance because of the unpromising circumstances.

God is faithful. He has said if we ask we

Peepul Tree Worship.

(The Rev. J. G. Potter, of Simla, in the 'Irish Missionary Herald.')

The picture shows part of a large Peepul tree, situated at Namoli, thirty miles from Simla. The baniya (grain merchant) to whom it belongs is seen standing with his little boy under its shade. Behind are some of his women folk, who, being hill-women, do not mind showing their faces. Around the trunk of the tree is seen the sacred thread, similar to that worn by Brahmans. In front of it stands a brass vessel called a lota. When I first saw the tree the priest of the neighboring temple was engaged in its worship. He continued slowly walking round and round the tree in the attitude of devotion, and muttering some sacred charms. Then, taking the brass vessel full of water, he poured it over the root of the tree. I was told on inquiry that the tree contained all the gods of the Hindoos—Brahma in its root, Vishnu in its trunk, Shiva in its branches, and all the lesser gods in its leaves.

To show the folly of such a belief I told the people who came to listen that during the famine in the Agra district I had seen many such trees stripped of all their leaves to feed the starving cattle. In this matter, therefore, the cattle were wiser than men, as they ate up what men worship.

Twice during our stay at Namoli the people came together, and we showed the magic lantern under the shade of this tree. May the true object of worship then set before them soon supersede the false worship to which they have been brought up. Certainly, they listened well to the old, old story, and well remembered what they heard. Pray for them.

shall receive. Now, let us prove him more than we have ever done.

In closing I have two things to ask you to bear in mind. Do not be afraid of your feebleness in prayer. Your prayers do not answer themselves. God does that. Pray the best you can, always asking the Holy Ghost to pray in you. He will take care of your prayers if you will let him. Do not dishonor God by talking about the obstacles in the way of answers. It is a grievous sin to belittle the Almighty's power in this manner. 'With God all things are possible.' Take this saying for daily, hourly repetition during the coming month—first thing in the morning, during the day, last thing at night. 'With God all things are possible.' Do you believe it? Ask the Holy Spirit to make it real to you and with that blessed truth in your mind; pray, pray, pray. And may a sense of his power and a consciousness of his love dwell with us unceasingly!

Hoping to hear from some of you soon, and asking you to pray that God will bless this humble message, I am, your sister in Christ,

ANGELE COX.

Keep Off.

I once listened to a narrative from a boatman which made a deep impression on my mind. He said, as he stood at the wheel of a steamer, and guided her down the deep, narrow Cumberland, he saw directly in the channel a light. It was regarded as the signal of a small craft, which seemed to be anchored in the narrow channel. If a craft, it was evidently out of its place, and the first impulse was to run the steamer directly over the signal and the barque it protected. But as the vessel neared the signal fire, a voice was heard with a corresponding wave of the hand—'keep off, keep off!' So the pilot passed around the signal light. When he reached the port below, he was informed that a huge stone had separated from the mountain summit which hung over the margin of the beautiful river, and lodged directly in the channel. That the signal fire and the voice of warning proceeded from a sentinel, employed to protect the lives and property of his fellows.

God has lit the fire of truth, and utters a warning voice to mariners, on every rock that lifts its head in the stream of life. We are often turned and saved from shipwreck by the kind hand of God, while it seems mysterious and afflictive to us. And not until we reach our home will we be able to see and praise him for many great deliverances—'Bright Jewels.'

Captain John's Vision.

Instances of so-called visions resulting in the reformation of a wicked character do not establish a supernatural truth; but they are interesting, and it is no abuse of metaphor if we call them 'angel visits.'

The Rev. J. H. Ecob, a clergyman of Albany, now of Denver, published some time ago in the New York 'Evangelist' the strange story of 'Captain' John Jinks, a river pirate. His father and grandfather had been river pirates, and he had inherited both their trade and their depravity. 'Ignorance, superstition, whiskey, tobacco, blasphemy, vices of all shapes and lines, had united their diabolic forces in begetting a man and molding his life for sixty years.' Gathered from the three-column story, —which is told in Captain John's own illiterate language,—the facts are as follows:

Feeling ill one day while at work in his dooryard, he went up to his cabin chamber and lay down on his bed. Gradually, as he rested there with unclosed eyes, the bare rafters over his head seemed to 'turn to gold;' then the roof opened, and a company of venerable old men in white garments, and with long, white beards, appeared in the room. They looked at him, silently, but kindly and pitifully, until he 'felt ashamed.'

The feeling almost forced him to cry out, but at that moment a white dove fluttered down and alighted in the middle of the group. The venerable old men smiled on the bird, and at the man on the bed—and the white scene faded away. It had come and gone, 'like a mist out of the river.'

Amazed and excited, Captain John went down-stairs, hardly knowing that he walked. The white dove seemed to have nestled in his breast and given him its wings. That day and through the night he moved about in a strange glow and lightness of spirit that would not let him eat or sleep. Next day he found Mr. Ecob and told him the story, with the tears running down his cheeks.

'I can't swear,' he said, 'I can't drink, nor steal, nor dare to do a wicked thing, with them good old men's eyes lookin' at me, an' the white bird stayin' right here in my heart.'

It was an eccentric experience; but the minister did not treat the man as a crank. He remembered the Teacher's emblem, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and questioned his gray-haired visitor as encouragingly as he would have questioned a little child. The man had never been inside a church, and scarcely knew there was such a book as the Bible; but he could learn the simplest elements of religion, as the minister taught them to him, and on these he lived for years, an upright, devout and joyful life. He died without knowing how to read; but 'the white dove in his heart' he declared was with him to the last.

It was a vision that made Cornelius, the Roman, send for a Christian preacher, and it was a vision that made the preacher willing to go. Science and human reason may not recognize spiritual phenomena, but neither reason nor science can consistently deny the possibility that the great Being into whose realm crowd the infinite mysteries of the universe, did send messengers of regeneration to the poor heathen river pirate.—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Read and Ponder.

A church in Michigan bought a carpet for $800, and it was paid for by the women who raised the funds by a long series of sociables and entertainments. In commenting upon the purchase, after the carpet was laid, the pastor is said to have delivered himself as follows:

'This carpet cost not $800, as shown by the bill rendered, but $4,000. To the bill rendered must be added all the incidentals, the work and worry and nervous strain and bodily weariness and headaches and heartaches of seventy-five or one hundred women during all these years, while the purchase fund was slowly accumulating. To it must be added the colds and fevers and doctor bills, and also what you have paid to other churches, for when Methodists and Baptists come to your socials you must go to theirs. The incidentals do not stop here. A man buys some groceries and his wife at the expense of fuel and strength and time makes a cake or something else and gives it over to the social, and then the man and his wife and children go to the social and eat the cake and pay for it—count that in. Demoralization of church society, a curtailment of legitimate giving to the church proper, and various other things follow in the train of the church social habit.'

The pastor then expressed himself as 'opposed to any more sociables as revenue producers.'

'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way.' It is the way of Paul. 'Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order for the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings (sociables) when I come.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Swift Travellers.

Our dead—they travel fast!
Who sees them hurry past?

Scarce is the farewell said,
Than—where are they, our dead?

Out of our touch and reach,
Out of our sight and speech.

As swift as thought they go,
Past weariness and woe.

Yet, are they far away?
We meet, at break of day.

Not far from love and prayer,
But into higher care;

Far from earth's pain and strife
Into abundant life;

Far from the land of tears,
To where their Lord appears.

He bids all discords cease,
And takes them into peace.

Our dead—they travel fast,
And rest with God at last.

—Marianne Farningham, in 'Christian World.'

A Christian Farmer's Soliloquy.

'Why didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars—why, it's a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad that Brother King preached that sermon. He said that we should all find it a "good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited.' He asked us to try the experiment for one year—to "set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work.'

'I thought it over. I thought about these Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a closefisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, twelve hundred dollars. Three dollars is one four hundredth part of twelve hundred dollars.

'The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I, "I am not quite ready for the Jews' one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works." I got a big envelope and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could I put the sixty dollars into it. Said I, "Here goes for the Lord." It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done how good I felt over it!

'When this appeal came for foreign missions all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one-tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's funds up to seventy-five dollars; and if it does not I will make it up from something else.'—'Canada Presbyterian.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Lost Voice of Jeanette.

LEGEND OF THE CANARY BIRDS.

A Pretty Apologue of Spiritual Influence.

(John E. Hurlbut, in 'Springfield Republican.')

'Oh, dear me! oh, dear me!' wrote little Jeanette Bethencourt in her diary, 'it will be a dreadful thing to go way off to that rocky island in the ocean, but the king says my dear papa must go and conquer it for the crown; and I must go with him. What could he do without his sweetheart Jeanette?

'That is myself, for since dear mamma died he calls me his little sweetheart, and tells me every day what a great big comfort I am to him. I tell him how he is a great big comfort to me. My! isn't he?

'Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! I forgot all about my voice, that everybody says is wonderful. The king told papa that he should have the best musicians in his kingdom teach me until I could sing like an angel. I wonder how the angels do sing. I shall never know if I go way off to that rocky island where there is nobody to teach me. But I must go! I must go! Who would kiss and hug papa, sing for him when he is sad, laugh with him when he is glad? Oh, dear, me! I can't tell half the things I do for dear papa, and he says, "Sweetheart, you are my life, my love." Then, too, I would have everybody know that my papa is a great soldier. When he fights for the king, he always wins. He is a good man, too; he never talks wicked words, as my father confessor says the courtiers do. Nobody must tell this, but the king does when he is angry.

'Oh, there is nobody in the world like my dear papa, and his little sweetheart must go with him. But—oh, dear me! when I told papa this, he said at first. "No, no! Why my sweetheart would die before she could get to the end of that long voyage on the ocean. Why, sweetheart," and he took me up in his strong arms, as he went on, "Do you know we do not go to play but to fight?" I did not try to answer him, I just hugged him tightly and kissed him ever so many times. Then all at once I thought of how I had seen the actress do on the stage; I jumped out of his arms, put my hand on my heart, and cried out, "Sir! would you break my heart? would you kill me?" Oh, how my papa laughed! He said, "Sweetheart, you shall go! You are a little angel, and I could not live without you."

'Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! I never thought about the king, or that he would mind my going away, but he did. When papa told him about it, he said, "That can never be. The whole court would miss her, and who would train her wonderful voice?" and papa said, His majesty added, with a very solmn look, "God gave your little girl her wonderful voice and she should use it for him."

'I have been thinking of that since dear papa told it to me; I asked my father confessor if God could not use my voice in that far away island if he wanted me to go there. The father did not know what the king had said; he replied, "Yes, my daughter." He told me of a great saint who gave up the glory and the pleasure of the court to go into the wilderness to serve the poor Indians. When I told the king of this, he seemed angry. He said the "father should mind the church and let me mind the court." I was real sorry I said it, then, for the father is so good to me I would not do him any harm for anything. I don't think I have now, for I made the king laugh, and when the king laughs, he is not angry. You see the king said to me when I last sang for him, "You are the queen of song." I stood up straight then. Putting one hand on my heart, I lifted the other above my head, just as the actresses do, and I said in as deep a tone as I could make my voice speak: "Your majesty says I am the queen of song. The queen must be obeyed. I shall go with my papa." That was what made him laugh, but, dear me, he most cried when he bade me goodby. We are at last started for that rocky island in a big ship that looked to me like a great bird with wings spread to fly away.

'I have so many presents from the king and the court that papa says I almost need a ship of my own to carry them all. The present I think most of is a lute that my music teacher gave me. I can play on it, and every evening I go on deck with papa and try to make my voice keep time with it. Last night, when I made the strings of the lute to vibrate,—oh, it was so strange! for all at once my voice did so too. The tone seemed to stop right in my throat and then to rise and fall as the white gulls flutter on their wings above the waves. Papa said, "That is wonderful, sweetheart; I never heard a human voice do that before."

'We have been on the island one month. The people who live here first fought against my papa, and I was afraid that they would kill him, but when they saw how good he was they stopped fighting. Now they have made him their ruler and do what he tells them is right. But I began to write in my journal to tell of a wonderful thing that happened yesterday evening.

'There are beautiful birds on this island, yellow as gold, and so tame that they come and sit on my window sill, where they chirp so sweetly, only they can't sing as some of the birds do in France. Last evening, as I was making my voice vibrate, and I can do so now until the whole air seems full of the tones, one little bird I love the best, the one I have named Sweetheart, tried to do so too. After a while he almost did it.

'I had made the tone as easy as I could, when I saw he was trying to imitate it; then I kept repeating it, and Sweetheart tried again until at last it came warbling out of his little throat just as it does out of mine. Oh, it was beautiful! wonderful; and since then the bird has come often, many times indeed every day, when I practice with him, and now he can sing as well as I can. The other birds, his mates, are trying also. Won't it be splendid when they can all sing, and the groves are filled with their wonderful song? I wonder if this is the way God wanted me to use my voice for him?

'It is a year that we have been on the island. I miss the king and the court ever so much, but I find plenty to do, for besides the training of my voice, and the birds, too, I have gone among the poor and sick people and helped them all I could. Then, too, my papa has made the people love him so much that they have been ready to do anything he tells them, and so he has opened a school for their children, and I am the teacher. Just think of that? Why, I am so little that I have to stand up straight to be as tall as some of my scholars. I could do that, but I could not look solemn and grave like father confessor. I tried hard to, and went in to see papa and began to talk to him as I was going to do when I taught the school.

'"Why, Sweetheart," he said, "are you ill?" and he looked so frightened that I felt a little laugh twitching at the corners of my mouth, and before I could stop it, away it went up my face, dimpling my cheeks and dancing in my eyes, and so in spite of myself I was laughing. When I told papa about it, he said, "Sweetheart, one laugh is worth a dozen cries," and so I laugh in my school, and the children do too, and my! how fast they learn, and how I love them, and my work. Papa says in a few years we shall make them as good and wise as many people in the world.

'I see that I wrote in my journal that I loved this people. That was two weeks ago, but I did not know how much I loved them; I do now because something has happened. The king sent one of his great musicians to see me, and when he heard me sing he said, "Mademoiselle," and he made me a very low bow, "you have a wonderful voice. His majesty, my noble sovereign, will be in ecstacy when he hears you and the court will do you reverence. Honor, wealth, all that you desire, will be yours. You must return with me to France."

'"Ah! but what will my dear papa do without his sweetheart? Can he go, too?" I asked. Then the great musician looked very solemn, just as I tried to look but did not. He did though! My! how solemn! and he made me another low bow. "My royal sovereign, the king, could not spare your honored father, for he could find no one to do his work here with this people." I know all that, and that my papa would never be willing to go, and that I should not either. What is honor and wealth and all that compared to love?—and the people here love me, all the children, the old people too; all of them, ever, ever so much. Why, when they heard that the king wanted to take me away, they came and begged me with tears not to go. One old man said, "Mademoiselle, you are the candle of our land," and an old woman who heard him said, "Candle, father! She is the sun, moon and all the stars." The children too—if they did not say much, they all cried as if their hearts would break, so that we could have no school till I made them laugh and shout by telling them that I should not go away unless the king took me by force. When I said that the big boys shook their fists in the air and said, "No king can do that. We will not let him. We will fight, we will die first."

'When the great musician heard all this, he said, "Alas! Alas! your wonderful voice will be lost to the world, for if one should die, he would not be more out of the world than you are in this lonely, dreary island." I told him it was not lonely to me with all these children and people to help and teach; and it was not dreary, but beautiful, with its ever blooming flowers, its tall trees, and palms that when they waved in the soft breeze seemed to be making a courtesy to me as their queen, its clear flowing streams that I loved to bathe in, and over all, like the great silk parasols the ladies used to carry at court, the sky bright and blue by day, and by night brilliant with stars that shone more brightly than diamonds that decked these ladies when the king gave his state balls.

'"Yes," he answered, "that may be so to you, mademoiselle, because you love the people, but for all that the court of France is the world, and if your voice is lost to that, it is lost to the world."

'Then it came to me in a minute. Why not send the king some of my birds that I have taught to sing, just as I do? That would be my voice singing in their songs. I told the great musician what I thought, and after he found that he could not move my papa nor myself in this thing, though my dear papa—just like him! Oh! he is such a dear, good, kind father! I do not believe any girl ever had a better one,—said, "Sweetheart, should you not obey the king, our sovereign, and go?" At which I felt a little hurt that my papa

should ever think of letting his Sweetheart go away from him, and said, "Then you could get along without me?" But I was sorry I said it, for such a look came into his eyes,—and, well, I did not wait for anything more, but I just jumped into his arms and hugged him and kissed him till he laughed and laughed, for my dear papa has such a merry laugh it makes everybody else laugh to hear it. After that we never talked about it any more, and when, after a few weeks, the great musician returned, we sent with him ten of my best songsters. I kissed them all good-by, for I had taught them how to put their little bills up to my lips for a kiss, and said, "Now, little birds, sing your best, and then the king and the court will hear in your song my voice."'

Two months later in this journal is the item: 'Have just heard from the king. My little birds have sung their way into his heart and that of all the court, so he wants me to send him as many as I can, and he will give me 100 francs for each bird. Oh, my! that will be so much money and it is just what I want to build my children a beautiful schoolhouse. Has my voice been lost to the world? Can I not serve God with it in this rocky island if he wants me to?'

Beneath this, in another handwriting, is the record: 'The journal of Jeanette Bethencourt. I have this day found in the archives of the Canary islands. For more than 100 years it has been hidden away, and as I have read it, I see how wonderful are the ways of the Almighty. The voice that was lost to the court when she left France, and to the world as they thought, has been used by him to make the savage and ignorant inhabitants of these islands civilized and Christian, so that to-day she is regarded by them all as the children's saint,—Saint Jeanette. It has also been found in the songs of the birds of these islands, not only produced here but taken to Europe. They have been domesticated there, and from all these centres yearly they go forth by the thousands to fill the homes of those lands with songs. Ask any little girl or boy who has a pet canary what he would part with it for, and the answer will tell you what a great place these birds fill in the happiness and the hope of mankind the world over. Thus Jeanette's question is answered: 'Can I not serve God with my voice in the rocky island, if he wants me to go there?'

The House that Jack Built.

'I don't see how we can live another year in this little house,' sighed Mrs. Haven. 'We need the house raised, and a basement laundry and back stairs, a better bathroom, a guest-room, and a larger kitchen, to say nothing of an attic and a good, wide verandah!'

'There is but one way it can be done this year, and that is to borrow two thousand dollars and mortgage the place,' replied Mr. Haven.

'No,' answered the wife. 'When your brother died, Margie had to give up her home because it had been made over on borrowed money.'

'A little house really ours seems better for us than a large, modern one, half belonging to some one else; but I am willing to try the experiment if it will make my family happier,' said Mr. Haven.

'We might try some extension skyward,' grandma said.

The dear old lady was always thinking of heaven, because most of her loved ones were there, and a little earthly home seemed an insignificant matter when she expected a glorious one before many years. But the rest of the family felt the need of modern conveniences in this very present life.

'I've been reading a story,' spoke up Jack, the eleven-year-old boy who was helped all through life by a pair of crutches. 'A young girl lived in a very tiny house, but she discovered some doors leading out into very large and beautiful rooms. One was filled with people who lived in the past—all kinds of interesting people and beautiful things we read about. One room was full of pictures and statuary and music, and that was the art world. Another room was very large and entertaining. What was that?'

'Books,' said grandma.

'Yes, and there was one door that led out into another big place; please guess.'

'Science,' said papa.

'A playhouse,' cried little Nan.

'No, it was work for others, and she was always happy in this extension to her house,' said Jack. 'Couldn't each of us put on a room that would make us forget our cramped quarters?'

They were all used to some odd conceit from Jack, who had plenty of time to think things over.

'Good for you, my son,' said the father. '"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul." I'll take more intellectual life for my new wing, for if we give up building I need not work at night. There is a scientific subject I long to look up, and some books I have been waiting for from the public library, and I'll get a couple of the best magazines, since we are not saving for lumber, and, mamma, I will take you to the finest lecture course in the city.'

'How nice, John!' cried his wife. 'I will not mention big house again. I don't want all your evening and mental enjoyments put in brick and plaster. I'll add a room next to yours called contentment. After all, there is less work in a little house, and it is so easy to keep warm.'

'Especially in July, Sally Ann, but we have our share of outdoors. You can read with me, and if we don't build we can take an occasional ride together and be young again.'—Myra Goodwin Plantz, in 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Where to Find Heaven.

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and he met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

'Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is.'

'Ah!' said the pastor. 'I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with a fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed; and she has not got a bit of coal nor a stick of wood nor flour nor sugar nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, "My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour," then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill.'

The next morning he said:

'Pastor, I saw heaven, and I spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certainly as you are listening.'

An Intruder in Birdville.

'I'm here for—the season—see me?' sang the oriole in the maple-tree.

'So am I!' came in harsh tones from a pine tree, near by.

Mrs. Oriole peeped over the maple-leaf, and viewed her neighbor curiously; and then she whistled to her mate, and an excited debate followed.

Madam Blackbird listened haughtily, occasionally arching her handsome neck, and polishing her shining yellow bill.

'If it was only a "red-wing," I should be better pleased; crow-birds are so uncultivated!' Mrs. Oriole spread her brilliant wings and fluttered about rather uneasily.

If Madam Blackbird chose to leave her woodland retreat, and build a nest in a robin settlement, who would have the courage to oppose her?

Several sparrows and robins, a brown catbird, and a tiny yellow-bird, signified their willingness to help.

'Keep off! keep off!' screamed Madam Blackbird, spreading her fan-like wings, and puffing her purple-black collar angrily. 'None of you would build a nest in this pine-tree if I had not taken possession of it. Why don't you go to the thorn-tree, yonder, and drive away the sparrows that have stolen the snug little hole Mr. Woodpecker has been making there, and have gone to housekeeping without so much as asking leave? Nobody wants this pine-tree. Keep off! keep off!'

Down in the lilac bush dainty little Miss Yellow-Bird was flitting about. Building material was in great demand in Birdville, and the industrious ones got their first choice. But Madam Blackbird's harsh voice was so disturbing that the little nest-builders were in a flutter of excitement.

Suddenly Miss Yellow-Bird's bright eyes spied a string, and with several trills of delight she spread her wings and alighted at one end of it just as Madame Blackbird, who was also in quest of building material, began to tug at the other end.

'It's mine!' Madam Blackbird announced, loudly.

'I—s-a-w—i-t—first!' The little yellow throat was all aquiver with sweet sounds. But what was the strength of a tiny yellow warbler compared with that of this black giant?

Tug-pull—tug-pull! Madame Blackbird braced herself firmly, and soon had the string and poor little Miss Yellow-Bird well in her grasp. There was nothing to do but to let go, or else serve as building material for this black intruder into Birdville.

Mrs. Oriole, from her perch in the maple tree, again sent forth her piercing call: 'I'm here for—the season—see me!'

Madam Blackbird did not deign an answer, as she hurried to her unfinished nest in the pine tree.

At last the birds decided that it was best to attend to their own affairs, and to allow their neighbor to do the same.

'There's more than one piece of string in the world,' sang kind-hearted little Miss Yellow-Bird, as she flew by next morning with a piece of pink twine in her bill, which, from her cozy nook in the lilac bush, she had seen a little boy throw out of a window.

That same morning, a group of chattering sparrows made the pleasing announcement that straw in abundance had been discovered in a barnyard across the way; and from that time on, nest-building progressed rapidly.

Before long, strange peeping sounds began to be heard all over Birdville. From the maple tree there were sweet, persistent calls. Mr. and Mrs. Oriole flew busily to and fro, never returning without a nice bug or worm, for the four gaping mouths awaiting their coming.

Little Miss Yellow-Bird had found a mate to share her dainty nest in the lilac bush, and three tiny throats sent forth sweet notes of welcome. A couple of sparrows, also, were busy in the thorn tree, attending to the wants of a nest full of young ones, whose downy heads looked very funny peeping out of Mr. Woodpecker's nicely-made hole in the trunk.

Madam Blackbird had the pine tree to herself, until she, too, chose a mate. The little birds that in time filled their nest were as tenderly cared for as the chirping, twittering flutterers in the other trees near by.

'If they hadn't such harsh voices, they would be very agreeable neighbors,' chirped Mrs. Oriole one very fine morning.

Mrs. Yellow-Bird remembered the tussle for the string, and began a faint remonstrance. But suddenly Madam Blackbird alighted upon the ground beside her in such a friendly manner that she, too, joined the Birdville chorus:

'Very happy, very happy birds are we,
For we've nests in ev'ry tree, every tree;
So we sing our merry chorus, glad and free;
And we never, no, we never disagree!'
—Helen M. Richardson, in 'Ladies' World.'

Learn to Speak Correctly.

While you are young, learn how to use words properly, with their correct meaning. Below are some common errors made in conversation and in writing. It pays to be particular in the choice of words while one is young, especially if one desires to become cultured and refined in speech—and who does not?

Perhaps there is no word in the English language so overlooked as 'awful.' Girls have 'an awful good time,' an 'awful teacher,' or see 'an awful sweet hat.' With boys the 'weather is awful hot,' or they get 'awful tired,' or 'awful mad.' What they mean to say is that they had a very good time, or saw a pretty hat, or the teacher was exacting, the weather is very warm, or they are very tired, or they were hungry. 'Awful' means full of awe, or with reverential fear.

'Apt' is wrongly used for liable or likely. To be 'apt' is to be quick to learn, or to be skilful or handy. A boy may be liable to catch the fever or forget his lesson, and yet not apt to do either.

'May I take you apart for a moment?' said one gentleman to another, to whom he desired to speak in private. 'Certainly, sir, if you will promise to put me together again.' The word the gentleman should have used was 'aside,' not 'apart.'

'I was just going to do it,' is the answer Mary gives when her mother reproves her for not obeying her promptly. What Mary should say is, 'I was about to do it.' 'Just' should not be used in the sense of 'now.'

'Love' is another overworked word with our boys and girls. You love your mother and father, sister and brother. Do not say you 'love candy,' or 'melons,' or 'peaches,' or anything you eat. Love is an emotion of the heart, but not of the palate. You like candy or peaches or melons.

Many speak of 'catching the car,' meaning they reach the car; or, if the car is in motion, they run and overtake it, or catch up with it. They may 'catch' the smallpox, but they do not 'catch' the car. To 'catch' is to seize, to take, to capture.

Sometimes you ask your mother, 'Can I go out?' You should say, 'May I go out?' That is, ask if you have her permission to go. To inquire if you 'can' is to ask if you are physically able.

Some speak of their 'friends,' referring to those with whom they are acquainted, or whom they have known a short time. They should speak of such persons as acquaintances. A philosopher says, 'He who finds a dozen "friends" in the course of a lifetime may esteem himself fortunate.' To judge from the conversation of many, one would suppose that 'friends' could be picked up daily anywhere. A friend is one joined to another by affection, by mutual good-will and esteem, a well-wisher. Solomon says, 'There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'

One of the most abused words is 'got.' A boy says, 'I have got a cold,' when he means he has a cold. A girl remarks, 'My mother has got a fine head of hair,' which would only be true if her mother wore a wig; otherwise the word 'got' should be omitted. A boy says to his teacher, 'I have got to go home at recess; my mother says so,' when he should say, 'I must go home at recess; my mother desires it.' When you go to a store, do not ask the proprietor, 'Have you got sugar, or canned corn?' Correctly speaking, 'to get' is to acquire, to earn, to gain, to come in possession of. Hence a man may say, 'I have got (or gotten) more corn this year than my neighbor, because I tilled my field better than he.' But he should not say, 'I have got a longer nose than my neighbor,' however long his nose may be, unless it be an artificial nose, in which case he would hardly boast of the fact.

Many of you say, 'We have twenty scholars in our class,' or 'ninety scholars in our school,' when you should say 'pupils.' A 'scholar,' strictly speaking, is a learned man, or one who is under instruction, a young person who attends school.

Do not mistake the use of the words 'purpose' and 'propose.' To 'purpose' means to 'intend,' while 'propose' is to 'offer.' 'I propose to give you a good thrashing,' said William's father. 'Thanks, but I decline the proposal,' replied William, with more exactness than politeness. The father intended saying, 'I purpose giving you a thrashing.'

'Mary looked beautifully' is not correct; Mary does not perform any act of looking with her eyes. It is not the manner of looking that is meant, but Mary's appearance to the speaker. 'Mary looked beautiful' is correct. We qualify what a person does by using the adverb; what a person is by an adjective. It is correct to say, 'She looked coldly on him, It is correct to say, 'She looked coldly on him,' son of the weather.

A landlord notified his tenant that he would 'raise' his rent. 'Thank you; I find it hard to raise myself,' was the reply of the tenant. What the landlord meant to say was that he intended to increase the rent. Some people say, 'I was raised in the country.' Boys and girls are not 'raised,' but calves, cabbages and corn are. Children are 'reared' or 'brought up.'

These are a few of many errors that we fall into in conversation. It will pay any young person to keep his ears open, and to correct his own mistakes.—'Christian Work.'

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The First Chinese Missionary From America.

A TRUE STORY.

'A little child shall lead them.'

'Mother! Mother! come, see!' Thus called little Harry after his mother, who had passed on a few steps before him, while he stopped in front of the St. Paul's church on Broadway to admire the outfit of a cigar stand kept by a Chinaman on the sidewalk. Returning to 'see,' Harry stood looking earnestly over the stock in trade on the stand, with both arms akimbo, as much as to say, 'I'll not touch anything.'

The Chinaman had improvised a table with a piece of board laid on a camp stool, on which were arranged three cigar boxes containing cigars of different quality and price. A fourth contained bits of white paper, some three inches long, folded neatly for lighters. Beside this stood a burning taper covered with a tiny glass shade to prevent it from blowing out; for magic matches were not then invented. The boxes were all lined with white paper that turned over the edges, and the table was covered with the same, giving the whole a very neat appearance, which had attracted Harry's attention. The Chinaman was standing some two feet back from the stand, straight up against the iron railing of the churchyard, looking intently on the boy's face as to read his thoughts, an amused smile playing upon his sallow features. As his mother came up Harry pointed to the box of lighters and he smiled, then looked up at the Chinaman. As their eyes met they both laughed, and Harry and his mother hurried on, for her work must be 'returned on time.'

Harry had never before seen a Chinaman, there were only four at that time in this city, and became so much interested in him that he asked many questions concerning him. 'Why does he wear such funny clothes, and have that long braid of hair hanging down his back?' 'They are all the fashion for men in his own country,' said his mother.

'What country did he come from, and where is it?' he asked.

'He came from China, which lies in Northeastern Asia, one of the farthest nations from us in the world.' (We had not then acquired the great north-west Alaska.)

'Oh, yes, I remember Asia on my map. Are the people there Christians, and worship our God?'

'No, my child, they are benighted heathen, and worship images, though an old nation.'

After a pause, in which he seemed to be in a brown study, he asked: 'Can we not go to the Bible house in Nassau street and get a Bible for him?'

'They do not print Chinese Bibles in this country,' said his mother; 'and he could not read an English Bible if he had it. I remember that years ago, when Dr. Morrison was a missionary in China, he sent three copies of the Chinese New Testament to our Dr. Cone, one for himself, one for the Bible Society of which he was then president, and one to be at his disposal. Dr. Cone is now dead, and I have no idea where they are.'

'But could we not go and inquire?' persisted Harry; 'and see if they can not find just one for this poor heathen man?'

'Yes, we can do that the first day we have time, but I doubt if one can be found.'

'Can I make some paper lighters for him, to help him along?'

'You could if you had the white paper, but you have none.'

'Can I not use the white paper wrappers that come on things we buy?'

'Certainly, and make as many as you please.'

'A few weeks later found Harry and his mother in the rooms of the Bible Society in Nassau street. It was late on Saturday afternoon and all in the office had left except a youth in his teens, who was closing up. 'Have you a Chinese New Testament?' inquired Harry's mother.

'Oh, no—'h,' replied the youth, with an air of astonishment; 'we don't print Chinese Bibles or Testaments here, madam.'

'I am aware of that,' she said; 'but some years since Dr. Morrison sent three Chinese New Testaments to Dr. Cone when he was the president of this Society, and we would be glad to get one if it could be found.'

'I do wish you could find one,' said Harry, earnestly.

'Do you read Chinese?' asked the youth, laughing.

'Oh, no!' said Harry; 'I want to give it to a Chinaman that keeps a cigar stand on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's church.'

The youth's countenance brightened up as he said: 'Oh, then, I'll tell the secretary about it on Monday morning. I know he'll be glad to give it to you, if there is such a thing in the house, and I'll search for it till I find it'.

A week after they called again, and when they entered the office, the youth clapped his hands, saying: 'I've found it, I've found it; it was down in the bottom of an old box right amongst things we don't use any more; it has laid there for years and we didn't know it. I had a great search for it, but I wouldn't give up till I went to the bottom, and there it was; and the secretary says you shall have it.'

'Yes, you shall have it,' said the secretary, coming out of his private office with a Chinese book in his hand; 'and I want to see and shake hands with that little boy who is trying to save a poor heathen man in this Christian city, when we older ones did not think of it;' and taking his hand, he shook it heartily, and gave him the book; then asked how old he was.

'I am nearly twelve years old, sir.'

'And do you love Jesus, yourself?'

'Yes, sir; indeed I do.'

'Have you been baptized?'

'Yes, sir; Elder John Smitzer baptized me a year ago last April, out in western New York.'

'Elder John Smitzer! why, he is one of our veteran Baptist preachers out in western New York, and if he baptized you he had great reason for doing so. And now that you love Jesus yourself you want to give that poor heathen man the New Testament that he may read about him and learn to love him too. And you know, my son, that you must ask God to send his Spirit into that man's heart to convert him; and I am sure your good mother here will do the same, and so will I; and then Jesus says "if any two of you shall agree in asking any one thing I will do it." We three will agree to ask him for this one thing, and I am sure he will do it if we ask in faith. Good-bye, my young brother; God bless you and give you that soul for your hire.'

With hearty thanks, they left the rooms, Harry's heart palpitating with joy at these encouraging words from the secretary, and in anticipation of giving the Word of Life to one so ignorant of everything about the true God. With nimble steps they crossed over to the City Hall park on their way to St. Paul's, when to their surprise they found the Chinaman with his stand beside the gate they were about to enter, having been ordered away from the sidewalk in front of the church. Now he had on a man's jacket. Harry handed him the book with that side toward him which we take for the title page. But the man turned it over quickly to the other side, and looked at it closely for a few seconds, when Harry said: 'I am afraid that he cannot read, for he holds it backwards and looks along down the page instead of from left to right, as we do.'

'But that is the right way to read Chinese books,' said his mother.

Then he handed the book back to Harry and smiled. 'Oh, mother! he don't want it! how shall I make him take it?'

'He does not understand you, I think; suppose you open one side of his jacket, lay the book inside, and then close it over it,' she suggested.

This done, the Chinaman clasped his arms over the book, then took it out and putting his hand on it and then on his breast, nodded his head with an inquiring look in his eyes, as if saying: 'Is it for me? Is it mine?'

Harry nodded his answer, 'Yes,' when the man pressed it to his breast, bowed low several times to express his thanks, and waved his hand 'good-bye' as they turned away homeward.

The weeks slipped away; meanwhile Harry often took a handful of paper lighters to his Chinaman, thus cultivating an acquaintance without exchanging a word. One day he brought home a huge cigar, some seven inches long, which he said his Chinaman made him take. 'What can you do with it?' asked his mother; 'you must not smoke it.' 'Can I not put it in the trunk with my winter flannels to keep the moths out?' he asked. Thus it was disposed of and preserved for years, doing good service.

One day they called at the stand to see Harry's Chinaman, but he was gone, and a stranger was in his place. 'Where is the other man?' they asked.

'Utterman, utterman,' he repeated, looking puzzled; 'Oh! ah! gone 'way off, sick; gone 'way—go county house,' he said, pointing toward the east.

'What does he mean, mother?' asked Harry.

'I think he means that the man is sick and gone to the hospital.'

'Yeh, sick, go hospitlee' he responded.

More interested in the sick man than ever before, they continued to commend him to the tender mercies of our God who can heal both body and soul.

Some two months had passed when they called to inquire after the sick man. When they asked where he was, the new man said: 'Oh! gone 'way, gone home, go preach.' 'Gone home to China?' they asked.

The man looked puzzled again for a moment, then replied: 'Yeh, noh, gone home Californy' (waiving his hand from east to west), 'go preach 'bout Jesus, preach brudder, cousin —now go home China preach 'bout Jesus, fadder, mudder, preach; a boy come, Jesus' book. Go home preach Jesus' book.'

'Gone home to California to preach about Jesus to his brothers and cousins, and then going home to China to preach about Jesus to his father and mother, with Jesus' book that a boy gave him; is that what you say?' asked Harry's mother. Bowing low, his countenance all aglow with delight that his broken English was understood, he replied:—

'Yeh, yeh, preach Jesus, a book, Jesus' book, preach 'bout Jesus all mans.'

Harry's fine blue eyes opened wider and grew moist as he took in the joyful news that his chinaman had been 'born again' and gone home with the New Testament he had given him, to preach Jesus to his kindred and countrymen; and they returned home rejoicing and praising God for his wonderful love and mercy in saving that soul, and sending him forth to carry the glad tidings of salvation to that far-off heathen nation.

When Dr. Morrison left England to enter upon his mighty undertaking, it was not at all amongst his expectations that one of his New Testaments should be the means of saving a son of the Celestial Empire while a sojourner in this distant western land, and sending him home to China to preach Jesus to his kindred in his own tongue. It had cost Dr. Morrison much toil and hardship to acquire the Chinese language in order that he himself might preach Jesus to that same people, and give them the Word of Life in that same tongue.

And how little did Dr. Cone comprehend the purposes of God, which he so delighted to trace in their development, in sending that book to him, thousands of miles over the briny deep, here to be preserved out of sight for years, then called forth from its hiding place and sent on its mission to save that soul through the agency of a child, that child a son of one of his own children in the Gospel! And when Dr. Cone turned those leaves and looked on those strange characters in an unknown tongue with feelings of holy rejoicing that the Word of Life was given to that great nation, how could he anticipate that those same leaves would one day be turned by the hand of a heathen man in whose mother-tongue it was printed, to save him and send him forth an ambassador for Christ to his own kindred and nation on the other side of the globe.—'Christian Inquirer.'

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Death of Sir Henry M. Stanley—New York 'Evening Post.
The Manchurian Campaign—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Debate on the Budget—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Mr. Chamberlain on Chinese Labor in South Africa—English Papers.
The Licensing Bill—The Important Clauses—English Papers.
Comments on the Licensing Bill—The 'Spectator,' London the 'Saturday Review,' London.
Climbing to Lhassa—The Campaign in the Clouds—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Canadian Emigrant's First Month—Work on the Prairie —The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Market Price of Heroism—The 'World,' New York.
The Jubilee of the Chartered Accountant—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Camera v. Pencil—A. E. N., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Virtuosity and Vigor—The 'Musical News,' London.
Russian Music—By O. I., in the 'Musical News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Love and Life—Poem by C. H. St. E. Russell, in the 'Pilot,' London.
'Io Victis'—Poem, by William Wetmore Story.
The Royal and Ancient Nuisance—By Filson Young, in the 'Pilot,' London.
New Carlyle Letters—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
On Talking About Shakespeare—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Christian World,' London.
I the Guianas—The Lively Tales of a Travelling Naturalist The New York 'Tribune.'
Kings and Queens I have Known—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Reading in Church—The 'Spectator,' London.
How to Become Fishers of Men—Spoken to Lay Preachers —By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., Birmingham—'British Weekly,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Dr. Funk's Case with the Psychologists—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Economic Principles—Professor Flux's Text-book—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Bird World in May—By C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Society, in the New York 'Tribune.'
Ambidexterity Not a Good Thing—George M. Gould, in 'Science.'
Novel Second Sight—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

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LITTLE FOLKS

What The Old Tree Learned

(Arthur W. Upson, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

One October day, many, many years ago, a big fat acorn was being carried by a blue-jay over a large, open pasture, in a New England town. Just at that moment a hunter in an adjoining field shot off his gun, and Blue-Jay was so scared that he dropped the acorn and flew away, and forgot to come back for it.

Now the acorn bounded just under the edge of a little hummock, and soon, one day, there was a hard thunder-shower; the rain pelted down on the hummock and loosened a piece of earth from its edge, and it fell right on the acorn and buried it.

Quite content to stay where it was, it yet wanted to look through its covering, so straightway it went at work to bring it about, and before many days, in some mysterious way, it had sent a little shoot up through the particles of earth. Urged and helped by something below, this shoot kept pushing up higher and higher and higher, till, at the approach of winter, several times invisible hands took it in their grip and squeezed harder and harder, until it seemed to the tender little spire as if it must perish. But a kind wind elf came one day and wrapped round it several leaves from the parent tree, and these all stayed during the winter and helped it to endure more of the same kind of suffering.

One spring day another elf came and took the leaves away, and then the little tree, for such it had become, was very happy, and all summer it drank in the rain-water, it basked in the sun, and gleefully took many a shower-bath. Then one night its experiences of a year ago were repeated. It shivered, its sap-blood ran cold, and its leaves turned red and brown. Instead of a wind elf came a wind fury and whipped it back and forth, until it seemed as if it must lose branches as well as leaves. But it clung desperately to both, although its sap-blood fled to its roots and left the branches stiff and shrivelled. But the recollections of summer stayed with it and lent it strength and again in the spring it took a new hold on life and put forth new leaves and grew taller, broader and stronger.

Many summers and winters passed. Each summer there was development, and each winter there was hardship. In spite of all, there finally stood, a conspicuous landmark in the middle of this great pasture, with no other trees near, a large, handsome oak. The birds visited, prinked, wooed, nested and rested in its branches; the wind elves all played tag among its leaves, and the cows chewed their cud while lying in the luxury of its shade.

But for a long time there had been something wrong with the tree. In the midst of summer it continually thought of winter. And every perfect day, it said, was a forerunner of a hail storm. The rain fell too fast, or the sun shone too hot. To the birds it said, 'If I could fly like you, and choose my home and resting-place, and flee to the sunny clime when winter was near, how happy I would be.' To the wind elves it said, 'And you may go where you will; visit one day the sea, and the next the mountain, or rest on the plain, while I, and misery it is, stay here year in and year out, with no companion for fellowship to admire me or condole with me.' And to the cows it said, 'My lot is harder even than yours, for you have this whole great pasture to roam over by night, the shade of my leaves by day, and the warm stables for winter.' The birds, wind elves, and cows agreed that this was a strange way for a tree to talk, but they made no reply, only kept on visiting it.

But one day it had a revelation. It came in this way. On a fine August afternoon there appeared a company of jolly boys and girls, carrying blankets, baskets, and boxes, and headed straight for the old tree. When they reached it they spread their blankets in its shade, opened their baskets and boxes, and spent a gay hour. Then quiet began to steal over them, as they noticed that twilight was coming, and one boy, a little more

A Clever Spider.

He finished the pictures, and then he began
To read, and to read, and to read.
'Ho! ho!' said the Spider, ''tis this little man
That I need, that I need, that I need!'

He kept very still, for of course he was deep
In his book, in his book, in his book;
And what happened you'll see with just one tiny peep,
If you'll look, if you'll look, if you'll look!

thoughtful than the rest, said, 'See what a magnificent old tree this is. I wonder we never thought before of coming to picnic here.' Another said 'Yes what a blessing its shade must be to those cows on a warm summer day.' And a third, as he lay on his back and gazed into its boughs, 'And what a place for the birds to nest. And see how those great brilliant leaves flash in the sunset breeze.'

Of course the old tree heard. It said to itself, 'I think I have missed something all these years. Is it possible that that is what I am here for? And I never thought of it. I believe I will "turn over a new leaf."'

And it did. It even found reasons for the coming of winter. And for the cows, the birds, and the wind elves, it always had a pleasant welcome.

Bird Talk.

'Let's take our blocks out to the croquet ground and build a house,' said Archie to his sister May.

'What kind of a house?'

'Oh, a big castle.'

'No, I don't like a castle. Let's have it a hotel.'

'No. I say a castle. You always get a hotel crooked.'

'Well, I don't like to build it on the croquet ground. It's nicer back in the grove.'

'I say 'tisn't. If you don't build where I want to, I won't build it at all.'

'You always want your own way,' grumbled May.

'And you're always whining about something. Now, let's load up the little wheel-barrow.'

'It won't hold all the blocks.'

'You can carry the rest while I wheel.'

'No, I want to wheel.'

'I say I shall. It's my wheelbarrow. The trouble is you're lazy.'

Archie loaded the wheelbarrow and tried to wheel it down the long steps of the porch! But he found he needed help.

'Take hold of the wheel and lift, May,' he said.

'I've got all these blocks.'

'Put them down.'

'I shan't. You can wheel down if you try.'

Archie tried, spilling half the blocks on the steps.

It would be sad to tell just how many cross and angry things were said by this little brother and sister before they reached the croquet ground. Here, again, May wanted to go to the grove; and the end of it was they could not agree; but went in to Aunt Amy, to tell their grievance against each other.

She had been sitting on the outside porch when they had piled all their blocks on the wheelbarrow. But she was not there now, and they went into the house to look for her. They found her in the sitting room by an open window. She held up her hand as they came near to her.

'Quiet, dears. See what is going on outside here! Peep!'

They peeped, and Archie clapped his hand to his mouth to keep in a shout of laughter.

Two birds were building a nest in a tree a little way from the window.

The children watched while the pretty things came and went. They brought bits of twigs and hair and feathers, which they wove into the nest.

'Hear what a twitter they keep up!' he said. 'It sounds as if they were talking as they work together.'

'Let's try to hear what they say,' whispered Aunt Amy.

'Oh, auntie, you can't do that!' said Archie.

But, with a smile Aunt Amy held her head out of the window and seemed to listen.

'Sweet, weet, wee,' went on outside.

'Willicum, willicum, widdle'—

'Chickamaree, vick, vick'—

'Fidgety, fidgety—' and so on.

'Did you hear all that?' asked Aunt Amy.

'Yes, but that's only bird talk. Folks can't understand that.'

'Some can,' said his aunt. 'Did I ever tell you I could understand bird talk?'

'What did they say?' asked May, with a laugh.

'"Go and get some more twigs," said one.

'"I shan't," said the other. "I've brought more than my share today."

'"I don't care if you have. Haven't I put them all in? The trouble is you're lazy."

'"I say I'm not. Here, put this feather there on that side."

'"I brought that feather, and I'll have it just where I want it, or it shall not go in at all. Here, hold it, while I weave it in."

'"I can't. I'm trying to get this twig in tight."

'"You've got it crooked. You always get nests crooked."

'"That isn't the place to put that hair"'—

'Oh, auntie!'

Aunt Amy laughed as the two gazed at her.

They laughed, too, but both looked shocked and a little foolish.

'What is the trouble?' she asked.

'To say those dear little birds would talk so!'

'Why do you think they do not?'

'I know it,' said Archie. 'Birdies never talk that way.'

'No,' said May. 'They coo and twitter so sweetly, I know they are just saying nice, sweet things to each other, if they say anything at all.'

'Do you know of any who talk that way?'

May and Archie glanced at each other.

'I am afraid we do, auntie,' said May.

'You think it dreadful to fancy that the dear, innocent little birds should quarrel with each other. But what do you think of brothers and sisters, little ones who know the difference between right and wrong, whom God has placed in families that they might brighten each other's lives by words and acts of sweetness and loving kindness?'

There was a moment's silence, and then Archie said:

'I am going to listen now.'

The coo and chirp went on, as he put his head out of the window. In a minutes or two he drew it in.

'What did they say?' said May.

'One said, "You chose this place to build a nest. It is a nice sunny place."

'"What a dear little thing you were to bring such a big feather!"

'"Here, I'll help you put it in."

'"You always get them so nice and straight!"

'"I know where there's a fine big twig."

'"I'll help you go and get it."'

May softly clapped her hands as Archie finished.

'Perhaps, after all, I did not hear quite straight,' said Aunt Amy. 'I am sorry if I wronged the birds. But, you see, it was so hard for me to believe that bird talk should be any better than little brother and sister talk.'

'I guess it won't be after this, auntie,' said Archie.

'You listen and see,' said May.—Sydney Dayre, in 'Presbyterian.'

LESSON X.—JUNE 5.

Christ's Trial Before Pilate.

Mark xv., 1-15.

Golden Text.

'Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.' Luke xxiii., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 30.—Mark xv., 1-15.
Tuesday, May 31.—Matt. xxvi., 57, 58.
Wednesday, June 1.—Luke xxii., 54-62.
Thursday, June 2.—Luke xxiii., 2-12.
Friday, June 3.—Matt. xxvii., 15-27.
Saturday, June 4.—John xix., 4-16.
Sunday, June 5.—Matt. xxvii., 26-31; Luke xxiii., 26-31.

1. And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes, and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried him away, and delivered him to Pilate.

2. And Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? and he answering said unto him, Thou sayest.

3. And the chief priests accused him of many things, but he answered nothing.

4. And pilate asked him again, saying, Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they witness against thee.

5. But Jesus yet answered nothing, so that Pilate marvelled.

6. Now at that feast he released unto them one prisoner, whomsoever they desired.

7. And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection.

8. And the multitude crying aloud began to desire him to do as he had ever done unto them.

9. But Pilate answered them saying, Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

10. For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy.

11. But the chief priests moved the people, that he should rather release Barabbas unto them.

12. And Pilate answered and said again unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews?

13. And they cried out again, Crucify him.

14. Then Pilate said unto them, Why, what hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him.

15. And so Pilate willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified.

INTRODUCTION.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

In order to have a clear idea of the events immediately preceding the crucifixion of Christ we will set them down in order, beginning with the Passover, of which we studied last week. The hours given are mainly conjectural.

Thursday, April 6, early evening. The Passover.

Thursday, April 6, middle of night. Agony in the Garden.

Friday, April 7, about 1 o'clock. Betrayal and Arrest.

Friday, April 7, before sunrise. Trial before Sanhedrim.

Friday, April 7, early forenoon, First trial before Pilate.

The place was Jerusalem and the year, by our common chronology, A.D. 30.

The history between the Passover and the trial before Pilate should be read in the Gospels. Therein we have the account of the arrest of Christ, his trial before the Jewish Sanhedrim where he was accused by false witnesses and condemned for blasphemy, the denial by Peter, and the mockery of Christ.

The student will remember that the Jews were under power of Rome at this time, and, while the Jewish Council might condemn Christ as worthy of death, they could not legally execute him. He must be tried by a Roman official, before he could be killed.

Now, the Jews knew that the Romans did not concern themselves over rights and wrongs in Jewish religious disputes, so some other charge must be found against Christ when he is taken before the Roman governor. Therefore he is accused of treason against Rome, a capital crime.

There were four trials of Christ: First, the illegal one before the Sanhedrim, held at an unlawful hour; second, the first trial before Pilate, who sought to escape the responsibility by sending Christ to Herod Antipas, governor of Galilee, who was then in the city, for Pilate had learned that Christ was from Galilee; third, the trial before Herod, who finds him innocent; fourth, the second trial before Pilate, who condemns him to death.

THE LESSON STUDY.

1, 2. 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' After the Jews in their own council had condemned Christ, for blasphemy, though upon false accusation, they cast about for some charge that would appeal to the Roman governor, who would not consider any mere religious accusation. We could judge what this charge was, if we had only Mark's account, by the question of Pilate. But Luke says that the Jews accused Jesus before Pilate of perverting their nation, forbidding tribute to be paid to Caesar, and saying that he himself was a King.

In reply Jesus says, 'Thou sayest.' This is an answer to Pilate's question, though not a clear, emphatic affirmation that he was a King. In John xviii., 33-38, we get a better idea of the meaning of Christ's answer. It is as though he would simply call Pilate's attention to the fact that such a charge had its origin on the side of the accusers rather than in any thing Christ had said or done.

When the high priest of the Jewish nation had asked Christ plainly, 'Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?' Jesus answered plainly, 'I am.' Mark xiv., 61, 62.

3-5. 'But Jesus yet answered nothing.' A study of Christ's answers and his silences in this day of trial brings out some noteworthy points. When he is falsely accused before the Sanhedrim he remains silent, but when he is seriously asked the question, 'Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?' he declares himself before official Israel in terms that cannot be mistaken. They must now either accept or reject the Messiah.

Again while Pilate, not a Jew, but a Roman, asks about the truth of his claim to kingship, Christ explains to this Gentile ruler, from a pagan nation, the nature of his mission to all men. To the Jewish high priest he was the long expected Messiah, to the inquiring Roman governor he was the witness of truth, whom all that were of the truth would hear.

But now, to wild and noisy accusations of the chief priests Christ does not stop to reply. He knew the lack of sincerity and honesty in their hearts, and would not contend with false witnesses.

There are two sorts of accusers. One may accuse a person from honest motives, however mistaken his charge may be; the other accuses from a determination to injure the accused, no matter whether he can do so justly or not. There is little use in trying to impress the truth upon the latter kind, and Christ in the presence of such was silent. His very dignity caused Pilate to marvel.

6-11. 'Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?' The release of one or more prisoners at times of national rejoicing was not a custom confined to the Jews or Romans, nor to that age. Upon his coming to the throne the Czar of Russia liberated numbers of exiles to Siberia.

Now, Pilate could find no fault in Christ. Taking the whole history of his part in the trial, we find that he would have been glad to release Christ, and if he had been a man of lofty character and firm purpose, he would not have been swayed by the howling mob. As it was he sought one way and another of saving his life without too greatly offending the Jews.

At this time the authorities had a robber and rebel against the government named Barabbas. There were frequent outbreaks against the authority of Rome during this period, and Barabbas seems to have been one of those outlaws that was in part an insurrectionist and in part a robber.

The multitude reminded Pilate of the custom of releasing a prisoner each year at this national feast, and the governor thereupon inquired if he should release Jesus, whom he referred to as the King of the Jews, in view of their charges.

In verse 10 we see Pilate's real reason for desiring to free Christ, 'For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy.' Christ had been gaining an influence that promised to make him the leader of the people, and the priests were jealous. Pilate perceived that this was their true motive, that Christ was innocent of wrong, and his conscience troubled him. But the chief priests incited the multitude to demand that Barabbas be freed.

12-15. 'And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified.'

If Barabbas was released, what was to be done with Jesus? This was the question Pilate put to the Jews, and they answered without delay, by crying out for crucifixion. Still Pilate hesitates. 'Why, what evil hath he done?' But only the more frantically did the brutal mob demand Christ's death. The time of presenting evidence, of argument, of persuasion, had passed. Pilate was weak and hesitating and the Jewish leaders took advantage of this, and brazenly demanded the life of their victim.

They judged the governor rightly. In spite of Christ's innocence, of his declared divinity, of the warning by Pilate's wife, (see Matthew xxvii), the governor cannot withstand the demands of the mob, so, 'willing to content the people,' Pilate yields. Remember that neither Pilate nor Herod had found Christ guilty, and that he was only falsely condemned by the Jews, in an unlawful trial.

Then Christ was sent to the cross, innocent of the charge of treason to Rome, while Barabbas, a red-handed insurrectionist against the government, was freed. So much for human justice, when human passion and weakness try the case. How many to-day, go on trying Christ, just as unfairly, and crucifying him afresh in their own hearts, while they turn to favor and enjoy the world in its great wickedness.

The lesson for June 12 is, 'Christ Crucified,' Mark xv., 22-39.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 5.—Topic—How my silence witnesses against Christ. Matt. xii., 30; Luke xvii., 12-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A TRAVELLER LED.

Monday, May 30.—The traveller's errand. Gen. xxiv., 1-9.

Tuesday, May 31.—The traveller's prayer. Gen. xxiv., 10-14.

Wednesday, June 1.—A woman at the well. Gen. xxiv., 15-25.

Thursday, June 2.—'The Lord led me.' Gen. xxiv., 26-33.

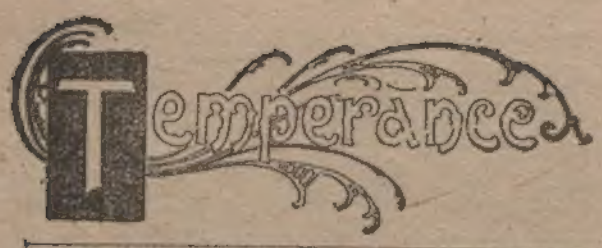
Friday, June 3.—An answered prayer. Gen. xxiv., 34-51.

Saturday, June 4.—The errand done. Gen. xxiv., 52-67.

Sunday, June 5.—Topic—A traveller who asked God to guide him. Gen. xxiv., 10-21.

How to Reach the Heart of a Boy.

Study his parentage and home influences.
Observe closely his likes and dislikes, aptitudes, temper, companions, reading.
Converse often with him in a friendly way.
Ask as to his purposes and ambitions.
Lend him books.
Interest yourself in his sports.
Speak to him of the lessons in the lives of good men.
Tell him of your own struggles in boyhood or girlhood with adverse circumstances.
In brief, be his friend; when he leaves the school and neighborhood keep informed as to his whereabouts by correspondence.—'Western School Journal.'



Why He did not Drink.

'I read the other day of four young men riding in a Pullman car chatting merrily together. At last one of them said: "Boys, I think it's time for drinks." Two of them consented; the other shook his head, and said: "No, I thank you." "What!" exclaimed his companion, "have you become pious? Are you going to preach? Do you think you will become a missionary?" "No, fellows," he replied, "I am not specially pious, and I may not become a missionary; but I have determined not to drink another drop, and I will tell you why: I had some business in Chicago with an old pawnbroker, and as I stood before his counter talking about it, there came in a young man about my age, and threw down upon the counter a little bundle. When the pawnbroker opened it, he found it was a pair of baby shoes, with the buttons a trifle worn. The old pawnbroker seemed to have some heart left in him, and he said: 'Look here, you ought not to sell your baby's shoes for drink.' 'Never mind, Cohen; baby is at home dead, and does not need the shoes. Give me 10 cents for a drink.' Now, fellows, I have a wife and baby at home myself, and when I saw what liquor could do in degrading that husband and father, I made up my mind that, God helping me, not a drop of that stuff would ever pass my lips again." '—'The Standard.'

A Doctor's Story.

(Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, in 'National Temperance Advocate.')

'You know nothing about temperance,' said a noted physician. 'I could write volumes that would amaze you.'

'Write one,' I said.

'It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Catholic priest, may not betray the confessional.' After a moment he added: 'Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul.'

'There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me,' I urged; "please think of some.'

'I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion.

'"My wife fell down-stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

'I examined her shoulder. It was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken.

'"How do you find her?" asked her husband anxiously.

'"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

'"I fell on the stairway."

'I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

'"When did she fall?" I asked.

'"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

'My resolve was taken.

'"Please show me the place in the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

'"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

'"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

'"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

'"Then get another physician," I said.

'"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

'"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

'"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and I drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone and I pounded her, and left her. After a time she crawled, she says, upstairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and I went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself more or less, when she fell." And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, "She is an angel, and wine is a devil."

'"What are wine-bibbers?"

'"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

'"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

'More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When the noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and the Providence that so afflicted him was called "strange" in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the "beloved wife!"

'No one but myself ever knew the truth.'

'Yes, Sir, I Have Turned the Corner.'

In the employ of one of the largest manufacturers in Dayton, Ohio, was a young man of considerable executive ability, who was foreman of the 'roustabout gang,' a good fellow, who could get more work out of his men than any other man who ever held that position, but he would get drunk days at a time from his work. On account of his exceptional ability the manager bore with him for some time, but was just on the point of letting him go when a very great change was noticed in the young man. His appearance was different, and he attended strictly to business as never before. Finally, some of the men in the factory began to tease him about being converted in the shop meetings. He paid no attention, but kept steadily at work. The matter came to the notice of the manager, and, one day, in passing the young man, he said, 'Is it so that you have been converted in these meetings?' The young man straightened up, looked the manager squarely in the face, and replied, 'Yes, sir, I have turned the corner.' He has been a different man ever since.—'Association Men.'

The Gideons.

A new movement started two years ago in Wisconsin by some travelling salesmen has been remarkably successful in carrying out the object of its founders. The 'Gideons' is an organization of Christian travelling men, whose motto is, 'the hotel bar must go,' and it is going. In the State of Wisconsin alone seventy-five hotels have been compelled to discontinue their bars during the last year on account of the tremendous influence exercised by the Gideons. Already 2,707 have joined the movement.

Among the Gideons the whiskey bottle has been thrown aside to give place to the Bible; the proverbial pack of cards has now been replaced by the hymn book and their place of amusement and resort changed from the bar room to the church and the prayer meeting.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A State Without a Pauper.

One of the greatest Prohibition arguments of the day is the record of Kansas, without a single pauper, and 47 counties without a criminal trial in a whole year. Contrast this with Ohio's 3500 idiots, 11,000 criminals, 150,000 paupers, and 3,000 deaths annually through drunkenness.—'New Voice.'

'In appearance,' says the 'Scientific American,' 'the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased.'

Frank.

'Frank was the most capable and obliging boy I ever had in my office until the cigarette habit got its hold upon him,' was the testimony of an insurance man of Chicago. Frank tried hard to break the bonds that bound him, but failed, and lost his good position to drift out and join the army who are unable to 'hold a job.' His fingers with their guilty stain, the nauseating odor he carried with him, and his typical hang-dog expression, all told the story plainly of his abject slavery. He was of such robust build that for a time the color did not leave his face even when his hands constantly dripped with the nicotine-poisoned clammy sweat, which made shaking hands with him an ordeal to be dreaded. His family were ill able to afford his constant idleness, but he became virtually a piece of human driftwood, and all from the curse of the cigarette habit. This boy, like thousands of others, might have been influenced if his teacher or some other friend had noted the fatal beginning.—Lucy Page Gaston.

For the Children's Sake.

A saloon-keeper recently closed out his business and opened a small dry goods store instead. One of his acquaintances, knowing that he was exchanging a good income for a very limited one, remonstrated with him. 'I can't help it, Jim,' said the saloon-keeper; 'my children are growing up, and they began to ask questions about the liquor business that I couldn't answer without being ashamed before them. They didn't like to see their father selling whiskey, they said. I'd rather be in a poor trade that there's no question about, and be able to look my children in the face.' If other boys and girls were only as wise as the saloon-keeper's children about whiskey selling, there would be less of it. But some boys have a mistaken idea that a saloon is a manly place, and an attractive one, and the mistake leads to ruin.—Ex.

Foundation Truths of the Temperance Reform.

1. That alcoholic intoxicating liquors are not the product of vital action but of decay.

2. That such liquors are produced by the waste or destruction of true food.

3. That any perceptible effect on the human system is for evil and not for good.

4. That the degree of their evil effect is proportioned, other things being equal, to the amount and frequency of their use.

5. That they are specifically different from all proper articles of consumption.

6. That there is no desire or craving for them till they are used, and that this diseased condition is not dependent on the will or previous character of the consumer.

7. That the effects of such liquors in all their variety and virulence can only be prevented by excluding the liquors themselves from the dietary, customs, and commerce of mankind.—'Alliance Review.'

Correspondence

Granville Centre, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for sixteen years. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother and I are twins. I live between the North and South Mountains, in the Annapolis Valley. There is a lake on the North Mountain, on my father's land. There is a saw-mill over there this winter. I have been over twice to see it. There has been a mill at the lake before, when my sisters were small. One of them got caught in it, but the mill was stopped before she was hurt. I have been reading about the Royal League of Kindness, and would like to join. I like to read very much. Some of my favorite books are: The Elsie Books, 'Daisy,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Wide, Wide World,' and a great many others. I must close now, wishing the Royal League of Kindness and 'Messenger' every success.

ESTHER G.

Rounthwaite.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and have two miles to go to school. My brother drives my little cousin and me. The horse is Old Bill, who is twenty-four years old, and has been taking children to school for eleven years. Our home is eighteen miles south-east of Brandon, two miles west of the Assiniboine River. I have two sisters and three brothers. Two brothers work on the farm. One sister is teaching school and the other one is studying for a first-class certificate. This is one of the stormiest days of the winter, so we have no school.

REBIE E. E.

Powassan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just finished reading about the new society you are starting. I think it will be very nice, and I would like to join. I would also like to have my name in your Birthday Book. I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and think it is growing more interesting all the time. I belong to the Temperance Band. My birthday is on April 25; were any of the members born on that day? My sister Annie was born on St. Patrick's Day. My oldest sister was married in March, and has gone away to live in a home of her own. I have a brother and sister younger than myself. My favorite pastime is reading. Have any of the members ever read 'The King's Messenger'? It is a lovely book. Dear Editor, don't you think it would be nice for each of the members to have a motto, and try to follow it. My motto is: 'Do Right and Fear Not.' My favorite flowers are the lily and the rose. I do not go to school now, but my favorite lessons were British history and geography. I like reading also. I live near the thriving little town of Powassan. Wishing the 'Messenger' and the Royal League of Kindness every success,

MABEL F. M.

Lake Opinicon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen no letters from here, I thought I would write. I live near a lake, and if you look out of any window you can see water. It is very pleasant here. There are many sports around her in the summer. The surrounding lakes are part of the Rideau canal. We live on a farm, and expect to milk thirty-three cows.

EMILY H.

West New Annan, Colchester Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is a lovely paper. I have a friend who is kind enough to send it to me after he has read it. I have a dog named Captain Kelly and a cat named Ella. I am alone at present, as I am a great deal of the time. I live with my grandpa, my mamma is dead, and papa and my stepmother are in Alabama. I have two half-brothers and two half-sisters. I am very fond of reading. 'An Endless Chain' is my favorite book. I go to day-school, but, sad to say, we have no Sunday-school here now. We may have one soon.

ISMAY J. K. (aged 14).

Cobourg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As it is quite a while since I have seen a letter from Cobourg, I thought I would write one. Our town is well situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario. It is a favorite resort of Americans, who come in great numbers to spend the summer. I attend the Baptist church and Sunday-school, and there I receive the 'Messenger.' We have a good library in the Sunday-school, and I have read quite a number of the books in it. The Mildred books and those written by Pansy are my favorites. I attend the Collegiate Institute here, and am in the first form. The Institute is a new brick building, and is one of the best in Ontario. It is one of the many fine buildings situated on King street. I have two sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is a school-teacher. My brother is the youngest of the family, and my sisters are both older than I am. I have one grandfather, but no grandmother living.

MYRA H. (aged 14).

Litchfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My grandmother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read it very much. I like to study geography and history. I live about seven miles from Annapolis town. They are going to hold a celebration of De Mont's landing on June 27 at Annapolis, and I think I will go. The Annapolis Valley is noted for its large quantity of apples, many of which are shipped to England.

ANDREW W. T. (aged 11).

Murvale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just finished reading about the new society you have started, and I would like to join. I will try hard to follow the rules. If everyone were to join, I am sure it would be the building up of Christ's kingdom on earth. I am in the third reader. I like to read the Editor's letters, they are so nice and very interesting. I was born on Easter Sunday, the 25th of March, so to honor the day my initials spell E. G. G. Wishing the 'Messenger' and the Royal League of Kindness every success,

E. G. G. (aged 10).

Hartford, Cumb. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the third year I have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. Hartford is a small place of only about ninety inhabitants. I go to school every day. My father was out in British Columbia two years, and he has been home for two years. We live on a farm about fourteen miles from Oxford, where the Oxford Woollen Mills are. My eldest sister works in Oxford. I have twin brothers thirteen years old on St. Valentine's day. My birthday is on April 7. I saw a letter from Lulu H. P., who lives in South Dakota; she is a cousin of mine.

HANNAH E. C.

Nanaimo, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I wrote you once before, but, as it was not published, I will try again. I live in Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. This is principally a mining town, although my father is not a miner. Nanaimo is considered a very pretty town, and our climate is of the best. We have a good school here, and I go every day. I am in the fourth reader. I will soon be eleven years old. My birthday is on March 28. I get the 'Messenger' every week in my own name. I was much interested in the story, 'Daph and Her Charge.' My mother says she remembers reading it when she was a little girl. I have one brother two years older than myself, and we have a good many companions. In the Easter holidays we had a good time playing games of baseball, football and lacrosse. I will close by signing myself,

MACK.

East Wallace, Cumb. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This place is only small. It is situated on Wallace Harbor. There are five factories along the shore. The people are farmers and fishermen. My father fishes. I go with him in the boat sometimes. Schooners sail in and out, and a certain big barge sails between here and Prince Edward Island. In summer we bathe and fish, and in winter we skate, coast and snowball.

GRAYDON S. (aged 11).

Western Head, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the seashore. This winter a large whale came ashore, and he was sixty feet long. The people came from miles around to see it. This is a great place in summer for mackerel, cod and lobster fishing. We can stand under the door and see them seining mackerel.

JESSIE M. F.

Cobourg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years of age. I have three sisters, but no brothers. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. For pets I have a dog, some rabbits and did have a cat, but it is dead. I go to the Central School, and I am in the third class; there are forty-seven pupils in my class, and about three hundred scholars in the school. Before last spring I used to live on a farm about ten miles away from here. About a year ago I was out gathering May flowers. A year ago to-day I was on a high hill and saw across the lake (Ontario) to the United States. Our town here is a favorite resort of the Americans in the summer. It has several nice residences, and is noted for its cool breezes from the lake. Victoria University used to be here, but has been moved to Toronto.

FRED. H.

'Maple Hill Farm,' Boynton, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have read so many little boys and girls' letters to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write too. Boynton is not a very large place. It is situated on the B. & M. Railway. Our school closed the last day of June. I got an Elsie book for a prize. We were going to have a small picnic, but it rained, so we went into a hall and played games. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on December 1. I live one mile from the school. The Sunday-school had a picnic at Borough's Falls. The water in the river was quite cold. I fell in, so I know. It rained about noon, but it cleared off, so we had a good time. I will close, wishing prosperity to the 'Messenger.'

WINNIE E. M. H.

Kingsmill.

Dear Editor,—We live one mile west of Kingsmill, right beside the Michigan Central Railway, and we all like to watch the trains go by, even baby Kenneth runs to see them, and says, 'Nono ennin coming.' I am a little girl seven years old. I would like to have Vera Nelles write to me if she will. I have not been able to go to school or Sunday-school very regularly this winter, as I have two miles to go, and it has been such a stormy winter; but I hope to go right along now. My auntie who lives just across from the schoolhouse, where Sunday-school is held, saves the 'Messenger' for us when I cannot go, so we do not miss many numbers. Mamma enjoys them very much. She says she used to get them when she was a little girl going to Sunday-school.

SADIE BEATRICE C.

Killarney, Man.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters, so I just thought I would write one to surprise my papa, who thinks I am not able to write a letter. I am a little girl only seven years old, so I will not be able to write a very good one. I am doing it all by myself except the spelling, and mamma is telling me how to spell. For pets I have a kitten, and my sister has a cat ten years old, and it is my kitty's grandmother. I have two dolls, their names being 'Miss Pappanakis' and 'Miss Steinhor.' They are called after two Indian missionaries. Miss Steinhor got her head broken, and mamma is going to get it a new one. I am in the third grade, and of all my studies I like writing stories best of all. We live near a river, and just now the water is so high that there are only four pupils at the school, two boys, my sister and myself.

RETA A.

Troy, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live in Troy, N.Y., and go to a school, which I like very much. Troy has a population of 72,000, and is at the head of the Hudson river navigation. The Adirondack Mountains are north and the Catskills on the south of Troy. We live near the state-dam. The water is very high in the river, being eight feet over the dam. A small ferry went over the dam. Everyone on board was rescued, but the boat was lost. A canal boat, loaded with coal, also went over the dam. Being very long, and going endwise, it broke in the middle when about half over. All the coal was lost. There was one man on board, but he was rescued.

J. LEE B.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

What Shall we do with the Ear Trumpet?

Helen and Mary Davis were doing painful work that afternoon; painful work that falls sooner or later to the lot of most of us if we live long enough.

It was only about a week since their loved mother had risen at the call of her Lord to leave the home below for the better home up above. The funeral was over now, and the other friends and relatives had gone. Helen and Mary would have to settle down in the old home to the same life again: not that their life could ever be exactly the same now that the dear, deaf, aged mother—deaf no longer—had passed from their sight.

'I think, dear, we had better do it at once. The longer we put it off the more painful it will become,' said Helen to her sister that morning after breakfast.

Helen referred to the sorting and distributing of their mother's private possessions.

All day the sisters were at it. Brave as each tried to be for the sake of the other, many a quiet tear fell upon letters, clothes, work materials; perhaps, particularly upon the ear trumpet, that had seemed to become almost a part of their mother.

Most of the old letters that she had kept were read—some casting light on events long past, others reviving the memory of them. Some of the clothes were assigned to their various elderly relatives; others were to be given to the poor. Various work materials the sisters would use up themselves; other things were to be laid by as treasured relics.

'We can never part with that ear trumpet,' said Mary. At first Helen nodded assent to her sister's remark, then she hesitated.

'I am thinking, dear, of that poor old Mrs. Harvey in your district. You were telling us a few weeks ago how she had quite given up attending the mothers' meeting, and even going to church; because she could not hear a word.'

'Oh, yes, I remember,' said Mary; 'and I thought her spirit was suffering from giving it all up. Her faith did not seem so bright as it used to be. She seemed to be more inclined to murmur and repine at her lot. I believe it would have been better for her to continue going all the same whether she heard or not. But I can guess what you are thinking of Helen dear.'

Both sisters gazed meditatively at the beloved ear trumpet. Then Mary quietly took it up and laid it by a warm shawl which had already been apportioned to the poor old lady.

A few weeks later, after the sisters had gone back as far as they could to their ordinary life, Mary said one afternoon, as she came in from her district: 'Mrs. Harvey is quite regular at the mothers' meeting again. She is looking so bright, too. Although she can read a little, she says no one can imagine what a trial it is never to hear the Word of God—that quickening Word without which the soul is sure to become dead and cold.'

'Then I'm really glad that dear mother's ear trumpet has not been kept shut up in a drawer,' replied Mary.—S. E. A. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

How One Woman Helped to Beautify Chicago.

(Martha A. Kellogg, in 'Home and Flowers.')

When the streets of Chicago were laid out a number of little three-cornered parks were formed at the intersections of two streets. A fence was placed around the triangles, and a few trees of rapid growth planted. Each spot was given a name, and the city council declared the work done. No thought of green grass or ornamentation entered their minds. So the little neglected spots were given over to hoodlums, who made day torture and nights unbearable.

Four years ago I came to live opposite one of these deserted parks. My first effort was to ask and obtain an electric lamp of the city. Then, getting bolder, an appeal was made for sod for the park, which was granted after repeated solicitation. A hint was given for a few geranium beds, which was met with stout refusal. Geraniums in a little city park! Why, the thing was unheard of! There was no money for such useless expense.

So I concluded to wait till the following summer. Then I hunted up the 'park commissioner,' who was drawing salary for keeping the city parks in good condition. He just laughed in derision at my request for a few flowers, but said, 'I see you are in earnest, so I'll interview the commissioner of public works at the city hall, and report to you soon.' He reported that I could have a few geraniums, but the appropriation was so small he could do very little more. Very well, I said. Give me as much as possible, and my friends will help me make our park a credit to our ward and to Chicago. After the beds were made and the grass mowed, and the beautiful scarlet flowers came, I had to ask for public protection to keep boys from playing ball and leap-frog over the beds. Last summer I became desperate. I said to the superintendent, 'Will you allow me to assist you in making the park more beautiful?' He consented. So I bought morning-glory seeds and planted them around the tree stumps (for some of the trees are dying or dead), and asked my friends to give seeds, which they gladly did, and not a day passed that I did not spend two or three hours training the vines and picking off dead leaves and flowers.

Evidently it was pleasing to the city council. The gentlemen informed the superintendent that hereafter he need not go near Green Bay Park, as they had appointed Mrs. Kellogg superintendent. As soon as my appointment came, last fall, I talked with my neighbors and told them all my plans, and contributions came in so generously that now there are one thousand tulip bulbs, single and double, early and late, and one hundred hyacinths and several clumps of peonies planted ready to bloom as soon as spring opens. Money is also on hand for hydrangeas to be set in April. Friends donated compost for the beds and entire lawn, and other friends gave the carting.

The city furnishes me one gardener, and, as soon as the ground will admit, he will set a lot of stumps on the lawn outside of the park and sidewalk, at intervals, on which will be placed tubs for plants and vines. I like morning-glory vines. My leaves last summer averaged eight inches in diameter. This is not on account of good soil, but because I give them plenty of water, showering to the tops of the trees and keeping the leaves well washed. I had one arch formed between two trees which was the delight of all passers-by.

I had one long, fifty-foot bed of blotched petunias last summer which I called the 'children's bed,' and every evening before dinner I took my shears and cut flowers for scores of them—strange faces every day, and I often wondered where they came from. I encouraged the bare-footed boys to wear a flower in a button hole; I told them of President McKinley, who always wore a carnation, and urged them to be refined gentlemen. The police tell me I am helping them.

If women in every ward in our city will only follow this example, they can make their surroundings as beautiful as mine. I fear I am getting too ambitious, for I cannot bear to see a vacant lot full of weeds and tomato cans without wishing I could make a miniature park of it.

After cleaning the pantry, set a small jar of lime in some shelf-corner. It will keep the room dry and make pure air. Repeat the same process for the cellar, using lime in larger proportion.

PATENT REPORT.

The following list of patents has been granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above firm.

Nos. 86823, James Gardiner, Neepawa, Man., belt guide; 86845, Joseph A. Meraw, Portage la Prairie, Man., extensible bonnet; 86846, Edward Bell, Teeswater, Ont., beet choppers; 86856, Arthur Labelle, Montreal, Que., snow plough; 86936, Alexander A. Wilson, Montreal, Que., fish way; 86941, Louis Boudrais, Montreal, Que., shears for cutting bolts, rivets, etc.; 86975, John T. Crossley, Blytheswood, Ont., tiling machine; 87030, Messrs. Harbottle & Robson, Gainsborough, Assa., shock loaders.

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